



THE
MISSISKOU STANDARD
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BY

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To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

It's very hard.

It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this that every miss
But me has got a beau,
For love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One.

I'm sick of all the double knocks.
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun.
It's very hard they come so near,
And not at Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear,
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One.

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by;
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son,
But he's hardly seems to know
There is a Number One.

There's Mr. Wick, at Number Nine,
But he's intent on self,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbor as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale,
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One.

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days!
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One.

Once only when the fire took fire,
On Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We cannot always have a fire
On fire at Number One.

I am not old! I am not plain;
Nor awkward in my gait,
I am not crooked like the bride,
That went from Number Eight;
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any you,
But even beauty has no chance
I think at Number One.

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
Has slain a dozen hearts,
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.
The imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had he'd never design
To shoot from Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And here's a ballad singer come
To aggravate my woe;
O take away your foolish song
And tones enough to stun,
There is 'no luck about the house,'
I know at Number One.

Hood's Comic Annual.

AGRICULTURAL.

Mineral Manures.

It seems a fair conclusion, that the different earths and saline substances found in the organs of plants, are supplied by the soils in which they grow. The tables of De Saussure shew that the ashes of plants are similar in constitution to the soils in which they are vegetated. It appears that in vegetation, compound forms are uniformly produced from simple ones; and the elements in the soils, the atmosphere, and of the earth absorbed and made parts of beautiful and diversified structures. Fossil manures must produce their effect, either by becoming a constituent part of the plant, or by acting upon its more essential food, so as to render it more fitted for the purposes of vegetable life. It is perhaps in the former of these ways that wheat and some other plants are brought to perfection after lime has been applied upon land that would not bring them to maturity by the most liberal use of dung alone.

Davy, in his Agricultural Chemistry, says, 'The most common form in which lime is found on the surface of the earth, is in a state of combination with carbonic acid or fixed air, and will effervesce if thrown into a fluid acid. When limestone is strongly heated, the carbonic acid gas is expelled, and then nothing remains but

the pure alkaline earth; in this case, there is a loss of weight, and if the fire has been very high, it approaches to one half the weight of the stone; but in common cases, lime-stone, well dried before burning, does not lose much more than from 35 to 40 per cent., or from seven to eight parts out of twenty. Slaked lime is a combination of lime with about one third of its weight of water; that is, 55 parts of lime absorb 17 parts of water.

When lime, whether freshly burned or slaked, is mixed with any moist fibrous vegetable matter, there is a strong action between the lime and the vegetable matter, and they form a kind of compost together, of which a part is usually soluble in water. By this kind of operation, lime renders matter which was before comparatively inert, nutritive; and, as charcoal and oxygen abound in all vegetable matters, it becomes at the same time converted into a carbonate of lime. The operation of quicklime and marl depends upon principles altogether different. Quicklime in being applied to land, tends to bring any hard vegetable matter that it contains into a state of more rapid decomposition and solution, so as to render it a proper food for plants. Marl, or carbonate of lime, will only improve the texture of the soil, or its relation to absorption; it acts merely as one of the earthy ingredients. Quicklime, when it becomes mild, operates in the same manner as marl; but, in the act of becoming mild, it prepares soluble matter.

When lime is employed upon land, where any quantity of animal matter is present, it occasions the evolution of a quantity of ammonia, which may, perhaps, be imbibed by the leaves of plants, and afterwards undergo some change so as to form gluten. It is upon this circumstance that the operation of lime in the preparation for wheat crops depends; and its efficacy in fertilising peat, and in bringing into a state of cultivation all soils abounding in hard roots, dry fibres, or inert vegetable matter.

The solution of the question, whether quicklime ought to be applied to a soil, depends upon the quantity of inert vegetable matter that it contains. The solution of the question, whether marl, mild lime, or powdered lime-stone ought to be applied, depends upon the quantity of calcareous matter already in the soil. All soils which do not effervesce with acids are improved by mild-lime, and ultimately by quicklime; and sands more than clays. Lime destroys to a certain extent, the efficacy of animal manures, and should never be applied with them, unless they are too rich, or for the purpose of preventing noxious effluvia. It is injurious when mixed with any common dung, and tends to render the extractive matter insoluble.

Lime-stone, containing alumina and silica, are not so fitted for the purposes of manure as pure lime stone.

Gypsum. Besides being used in the form of lime and carbonate of lime, calcareous matter is applied for the purposes of Agriculture in other combinations. One of these bodies is gypsum, or sulphate of lime. This substance consists of sulphuric acid (the same body that exists combined with water, in oil of vitriol) & when dry, it is composed of 55 parts of sulphuric acid.

The nature of gypsum is easily demonstrated. If oil of vitriol be added to quicklime, there is a violent heat produced; when the mixture is ignited, water is given off, and the gypsum alone is the result, if the acid has been used in sufficient quantity, and gypsum mixed with quicklime, if the quantity has been deficient. Plaster of Paris is powdered dry gypsum. It has been much used in the United States, where it was first introduced by Franklin, on his return from Paris, where he had been much struck with its effects. He sowed the words, *This has been sown with gypsum*, on a field of lucern, near Washington; the effect astonished every passenger, and the use of the manure quickly became general, and signally efficacious. It has been tried in most counties of England, but has failed, though tried in various ways, and upon different crops. It is difficult to account for the operation of gypsum. It has been supposed by some to act by its power of attracting moisture from the air; but this agency must be comparatively insignificant. When combined with water, it retains that fluid too powerfully to yield it to the roots of the plants, and its adhesive attraction for moisture is inconsiderable; the small quantity in which it is used likewise is a circumstance hostile to this idea. It has been erroneously said, that gypsum assists the putrefaction of animal substances, and the decomposition of manure.

The ashes of sainfoin, clover, and ryegrass, afford considerable quantities of gypsum; and the substance is probably intimately combined as a necessary part of

their woody fibre. If this be allowed, it is easy to explain the reason why it operates in such small quantities; for the whole of a clover crop, or sainfoin crop, on an acre, according to estimation, would afford, by burning only three or four bushels of gypsum. The reason why gypsum is not generally efficacious, is probably because most cultivated soils contain it in sufficient quantities for the use of the grasses. In the common course of cultivation, gypsum is furnished in the manure; for it is contained in stable dung, and in the dung of all cattle fed on grass; and it is not taken up in corn crops, or crops of peas and beans; but where lands are exclusively devoted to pasturage and hay, it will be continually consumed.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that gypsum is said to have no beneficial effect whatever as a manure, if within the influence of the sea air. This may be the cause of its failure in England.

Soapers' wastes has been recommended as a manure. Its efficacy depends upon the different saline matters it contains, of which the principal ingredient is mildlime. *Evans Treatise on Agriculture.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

'The devil choke thee with un!' As Master Giles the yeoman said this, he hanged down a hand, in size and color like a ham, on the old fashioned oak table;—'I do say the devil choke thee with un!' The dame made no reply;—she was choking with passion and a fowl's liver—the original cause of the dispute. A great deal has been said and sung of the advantage of congenial tastes amongst married people; but true it is, the variances of our Kentish couple arose from this very coincidence in gusto. They were both fond of the little delicacy in question; but the dame had managed to secure the morsel for herself, and this was sufficient to cause a storm of very high words...which properly understood, signifies very low language. Their meal-times seldom passed over without some contention of this sort,—as sure as the knives and forks clashed, so did they,—being in fact equally greedy and disagreed—and when they did pick a quarrel they picked it to the bone. It was reported that on some occasions they had not contented themselves with hard speeches, but that they had come to scuffling—he taking to boxing, and she to pinching—though in a far less amicable manner than is practised by the takers of snuff. On the present difference, however, they were satisfied with 'wishing each other dead with all their hearts'—and there seemed little doubt of the sincerity of the aspiration, on looking at their malignant faces,—for they made a horrible picture in this frame of mind. Now it happened that this quarrel took place on the morning of St. Mark,—a saint who was supposed on that festival to favor his votaries with a peep into the Book of Fate. For it was the popular belief in those days, that if a person should keep watch towards midnight beside the church, the apparitions of all those of the parish who were to be taken by death before the next anniversary, would be seen entering the porch. The yeoman, like his neighbors, believed most devoutly in this superstition—and in the very moment that he breathed the unseemly aspiration aforesaid, it occurred to him, that the evening was at hand, when, by observing the rite of St. Mark, he might know to a certainty whether this unchristian wish was one of those that bear fruit. Accordingly, a little before midnight he stole quietly out of the house, and in something of a sexton-like spirit, set forth on his way to the church. In the meantime the dame called to mind the same ceremonial; and having the like motive for curiosity with her husband, she also put on her cloak and calash, and set out, though by a different path, on the same errand. The night of the saint was as dark and chill as the mysteries he was supposed to reveal; the moon throwing but a short occasional glance, as the sluggish maseae of clouds were driven slowly across her face. Thus it fell out that our two adventurers were quite unconscious of being in company, till a sudden glimpse of moonlight showed them to each other, only a few yards apart; both, through a natural panic, as pale as ghosts, and both making eagerly towards the church. Much as they had just wished for this vision, they could not help quaking and stopping on the spot, as if turned to a pair of tomb stones, and in this position the dark again threw a sudden curtain over them, and they disappeared from each other. It will be supposed the two came only to one conclusion, each conceived that St. Mark had marked the other to himself. With this comfortable knowledge, the widow and widower

elect hied home again by the roads they came; and as their custom was to sit apart after a quarrel, they repaired, each ignorant of the other's excursion, to separate chambers. By and by, being called to supper, instead of sulking as aforesaid, they came down together, each being secretly in the best humor, though mutually suspected of the worst; and among other things on the table, there was a calf's sweetbread, being one of those very dainties that had often set them together by the ears. The dame looked and longed, but she refrained from its appropriation, thinking within herself that she would give up sweet-breads for one year; and the former made a similar reflection. After pushing the dish to and fro several times, by a common impulse, they divided the treat; and then, having supped, they retired amicably to rest, whereas till then they had never gone to bed without falling out. The truth was, each looked upon the other as being already in the church-yard mould, or quite 'moulded to their wish.' On the morrow, which happened to be the dame's birth day, the farmer was the first to wake, and 'knowing what he knew,' and having besides but just roused himself out of a dream strictly confirmatory of the late vigil, he did not scruple to salute his wife, and wish her many happy returns of the day. The wife, who knew as much as he, very readily wished him the same, having in truth but just rubbed out of her eyes the pattern of a widow's bonnet, that had been submitted to her in her sleep. She took care, however, to give the fowl's liver at dinner to the doomed man, considering that when he was dead and gone, she could have them, if she pleased, seven days in the week; and the farmer, on his part, took care to help her to many tid-bits. Their feeling towards each other was that of an impatient host with regard to an unwelcome guest, shewing scarcely a bare civility while in expectation of his stay, but overloading him with hospitality when made certain of his departure. In this manner they went on for some six months, and though without any addition of love between them, and as much selfishness as ever; yet living in a subservience to the comforts and inclinations of each other, sometimes not to be found even among couples of sincere affections. There were as many causes for quarrelling as ever, but every day it became less worth while to quarrel; so letting bygones be bygones, they were indifferent to the present, and thought only for the future, considering each other (to adopt a common phrase) as good as dead. Ten months wore away, and the farmer's birth day arrived in its turn. The dame who had passed an uncomfortable night, having dreamt, in truth, that she did not much like herself in mourning, saluted him as soon as the day dawned, and with a sigh wished him many years to come. The farmer repaid her in kindness, the sigh included, his own visions having been of the painful sort, for he had dreamt of having a headache from wearing a black hatband, and the malady still clung to him when awake. The whole morning was spent in silent meditation and melancholy on both sides, and when dinner came, although the most favorite dishes were upon the table, they could not eat. The farmer resting his elbow upon the board, with his face between his hands, gazed wistfully on his wife,—scooping her eyes, as it were, out of their sockets, stripping the flesh of her cheeks, and in fancy converting her whole head into a caput mortuum. The dame, leaning back in her high-arm chair, regarded the yeoman quite as ruefully,—but the same process of imagination, picking his sturdy bones, and bleaching his ruddy visage to the complexion of a plaster cast. Their minds travelling in the same direction, and at an equal rate, arrived together at the same reflection; but the farmer was the first to give utterance: 'The'd be miss'd dame, if thee were to die!' The dame started. Although she had nothing but death at the moment before her eyes, she was far from dreaming of her own exit, and at this rebound of her thoughts against herself, she felt as if an extra cold coffin-plate had been suddenly nailed on her chest: recovering, however, from the first shock, her thoughts flowed into their old channel, and she retorted in the same spirit: 'I wish, master, thee may live so long as I!' The farmer in his own mind, wished to live rather longer; for, at the utmost, he considered his wife's bill of mortality had but two months to run. The calculation made him sorrowful; during the last few months she had consulted his appetite, bent to his humor, and dove-tailed her own inclinations into his, in a manner that could never be supplied; and he thought of her, if not in the language, at least in the spirit of the lady in Lallah Rookh...

I never taught a bright gazelle
To watch me with its dark black eye,

But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

His wife, from being at first useful to him, had become agreeable, and at last dear; and as he contemplated her approaching fate, he could not help thinking out audibly, 'that he should be a lonesome man when she was gone.' The dame, this time, heard the survivor forbode without starting; but she marvelled much at what she thought the infatuation of a doomed man. So perfect was the faith in the infallibility of St. Mark, that she had even seen the symptoms of mortal disease, as palpable as plague spots, on the devoted yeoman. Giving his body up, therefore, for lost, a strong sense of duty persuaded her, as a Christian, to warn the unsuspecting farmer of his dissolution. Accordingly with a solemnity adapted to the subject, a tenderness of recent growth, and a *memento-mori* face, she broached the matter in the following question:—'Master, how bee'st? 'As hearty, dame, as a back!... the dame shook her head, 'and I wish thee the like.'...at which he shook his head himself. A dead silence ensued...the farmer was as unprepared as ever. There is a great fancy for breaking the truth by dropping it gently—an experiment which has never answered any more than with Ironstone China. The dame felt this and thinking it better to throw the news at her husband at once, she told him, in as many words, that he was a dead man. It was now the yeoman's turn to be staggered. By a parallel course of reasoning, he had just wrought himself up to a similar disclosure, and the dame's death-warrant was just ready upon his tongue, when he met with his own despatch, signed, sealed, & delivered. Conscience instantly pointed out the oracle from which she had derived the omen, and he turned as pale as 'the pale of society'...the colourless complexion of late hours. St. Martin had numbered his years; and the remaining days seemed discounted by St. Thomas. Like a criminal cast to die, he doubted if the die was cast, and appealed to his wife:—'Thou hast watch'd, dame, at the church porch, then?' 'Ay, master.' 'And thee didst see me spirituously?' 'In the brown wrap, with the boot-hose. They were coming to the church, by Fairthorn Gap; in the while I were coming by the Holly Hedge.' For a minute the farmer paused...but the next he broke into a fit of uncontrollable laughter,—peal after peal...and each higher than the last, according to the hysterical gasp of the hyaena. The poor woman had but one explanation for this phenomenon—she thought it a delirium—a lightning before death, and was beginning to wring her hands and lament, when she was checked by the merry yeoman:—'Dame, thee bee'st a fool. It was I myself thee seed at the porch. I seed thee too,—with a notice to quit upon thy face...but, thanks to God, thee bee'st a living, and that is more than I cared to say of thee this day ten months!' The dame made no answer. Her heart was too full to speak, but throwing her arms round her husband, she showed that she shared in his sentiment. And from that hour, practising a careful abstinence from offence, or a temperate sufferance of its appearance, they became the most united couple in the country,—but it must be said, that their comfort was not complete till they had seen each other, in safety, over the perilous anniversary of St. Mark's Eve.

A FORTUNE MADE BY ACCIDENT.—I once knew a man who died immensely rich, who traced all his good fortune to a *rusty nail*, which he preserved with a sort of pious veneration. The links between what he was and what he had been he concatenated thus:

'He had been a small carpenter, and being employed upon a small job at a gentleman's house, when he had completed it he received his money and went about his business. But he had not proceeded far on his way home, ere he recollected that he had forgotten to draw a large crooked nail which protruded very awkwardly, and he returned to remove it. Just as he was approaching the door he heard a loud scream. Looking up, he saw the infant and only child of the gentleman falling from one of the attic windows, where the nursery maid had been playing with it, when by a sudden spring, it escaped from her grasp. With equal presence of mind and dexterity he received the child in his arms, broke the shock of its descent, and saved it from being dashed to pieces. The grateful father requited the invaluable service, (for he doted on the babe, because it was the sole memorial of the dead mother who bore it) by a munificent sum of money, which enabled him to embark largely in his business, and thus lay the foundation of the great wealth which he afterwards accumulated. But he always maintained that it was the rusty nail in reality that made his fortune.'

RUSSIA.

The late Russian outrage.—It is not always matter of self gratulation to find ourselves correct in our conjectures or opinions; for these may happen to have been formed concerning nations or individuals, having both the will and the power to be injurious to others. We may have suspected persons or a people to have an eye to their own advantage exclusively, and to have viewed the prosperity of others with either the oblique squint of jealousy, or the lowering scowl of malevolence. When such feelings have place, the never-failing consequence is, that with power, walks the excuse, for tyranny and oppression; and the strong hand justifies what the malevolent heart suggests and the opportune season favors.

We have often had occasion to advert to Russia, her monstrous arrogance, her contempt of justice and the right of nations, and the ulterior ambition to arrive at universal empire. We have often felt constrained to break forth in remonstrance at the dark yet evident policy which guides her conduct, not only towards the semi-barbarous Persian, and hardly civilized Turk, but even in her insidious deportment towards the principal nations of the European continent. We say nothing of her barbarities and atrocities in the case of Poland; they are matter of history, and have long held up to scorn and detestation the brutal yet extensive horde and its chiefs, in whom justice and humanity seem not to have a place. Detestable as these were and are, there are, even among the honest and honorable part of mankind, who, although unable to vindicate Russia, could find a mitigation of the criminality with which she pursued her course, in the specious words 'necessary policy,' and 'expediency,' and who believes that, in her general national intercourse, she would be guided by the general maxims of national good faith, and the spirit of treaties. What idle dreams these good easy souls indulge in. We believe there is no faith in Russian negotiations. If she remain for a while quiet, after the conclusion of certain treaties, it is either in the stupid repose with which animals of prey continue for a while asleep, after gorging to a plethora upon the spoil, or it is from present fear of her late adversary, and to obtain the necessary time to devise new projects. But faith... in good faith! The word is anomalous & will not apply. It will not even link in euphony with either Russia or Nescovy.

In another part of this day's journal will be found an abstract of the debate in the British House of Commons, upon a case of outrage committed by Russia, not only in contempt of the state wherein it was perpetrated, but that, unhappily, is an insult which she has long and daily had to bear from one neighboring nation or another, but against the British nation itself, and the act has been vindicated, so far as we can bear, in a manner so little comporting with decency, as to render it an insult also. The case stands thus:—

In the late treaty between Turkey and Russia, the former assumed the dominion—probably was instructed by Russia to make the assumption—of Circassia; altho' there is no evidence either geographical, political, or belligerent, of any such sovereignty; and this dominion is by treaty, assigned over to the Muscovite, who would be right glad to annex this portion of Asia to his already overgrown territories, more especially as it would give him a considerable portion of sea board on the shores of the Euxine. To have the entire and exclusive possession of the Black Sea, has long been the desire all but expressed, of Russia; and in truth we know not of any measure so well calculated to forward her in her ambitious projects; therefore, every foot of sovereignty which she could add upon its coasts, must be obtained either by craft or force, by insidious measures, or by overwhelming power.

But Circassia, abased as she is, protests against this. She was never a part of the Turkish empire, never owned any allegiance, never paid tax or tribute, save such as in the neighborhood of powerful and arbitrary nations, the strong wrest from the weak, and which indeed she had as often paid to the Cossack marauders, as to those in the Turkish pay. Be this as it may, a pretence is hereby created by Russia, for declaring the ports of Circassia in a state of blockade, and an English vessel, the Vixen, is seized by the blockading power, for a breach of the martial law in such case provided. Her officers, passengers, and crew are imprisoned; and answers are tardily given to demands upon the subject, that she has, besides, violated the Revenue laws. Now these two offences cannot come into the same category, and Russia, in attempting to strengthen her cause, has in reality exposed its flimsy, cobweb, inefficiency.

Another point remains to be brought forward, which leaves the northern horde without a shelter, except that with which detected knavery sometimes covers itself:—brazen assurance, the fortitude of despair, may urge them to bully when they can no longer justify, and then...let them undergo the consequences of their temerity.—The point is this. The salutary jealousy which is entertained of Russian ambition, led to a treaty by which she undertakes, not to acquire territory from Turkey; so that even if the latter really possessed, and were inclined to cede, dominion to the former, she is debarred from accepting it. Here then, Russia comes in collision, not with Turkey, or wretched Circassia, but with the powers of Europe that are able and we trust willing to pun-

ish her for any outrage against national faith; and that will not allow a matter of this moment to sleep.

It is true that this affair of the Vixen is an experimental one, but it no otherwise differs from one made in the ordinary trading spirit. We rejoice that it is an experimental one, for it shews that the eyes of the world are upon the grasping people who have caught at the temptation, and that the suspicions of Russian cupidity were well founded. The nations of the old continent as well as those in Great Britain will now be alive to the fact.

The British ministry have been thought somewhat tardy in the investigation of this matter, and have been taken sharply to task by the opposition. It is true that there is much wisdom in preserving peace as long as it is possible, consistently with national honor and security; it is peculiarly wise also, to avoid the expense of war in these times of commercial pressure and difficulty; but to submit to a national insult is to add, indirectly, pressure to pressure, and to increase difficulties instead of removing them. We therefore think the Tory remonstrance was as well-timed as it was strong, and feel assured that the government however averse to plunge into unnecessary war, will not hesitate to assert the honor of Great Britain, that they will not stop until it has been effectually vindicated and present wrongs redressed, and will use their best means to secure the weak against the oppression of the strong.—*Emigrant and Old Countryman.*

SPAIN.

Official Despatch of Gen. Evans to Count Luchana.

ST. SEBASTIAN, March 16, 1837.
10 o'clock, P. M.

Most Excellent Sir—I regret to inform your excellency that my hopes for the successful operations of yesterday have not been realized. At a little after day light we drove the enemy from their last entrenched height over Hernani, and were then employed in preparing for a general attack, when it appeared that considerable reinforcements arrived from the side of Tolosa. The enemy immediately commenced an attack on both our flanks.

They pressed three battalions into the rear of our left by the bridge of Antigarraga. We had a more considerable force on that part of our line, and if these three battalions had been immediately attacked they would probably have been completely destroyed; but the first battalion of the Auxiliary Legion that was nearest the enemy was seized with a panic, and fell back upon a battalion of Castile, which imitated its example; and their demoralization communicating to several other regiments on our left, a great confusion immediately ensued.

The more advanced heights on our left were in a very short time abandoned; the troops falling back some hundred yards towards the fort of Oriamendi. The attack on our right was made with a more considerable force, and our advanced posts in that direction were driven in. But the extreme point of our flank was occupied by the battalion of British Royal Marines, which, by its admirable steadiness and firmness immediately repelled the enemy, & checked all further attempts in that direction. The enemy threw themselves into the rear of that flank also and the 6th battalion of British auxiliaries advanced and drove them from some heights which they had occupied in our rear.

The enemy continued their attempts in front as well as round both flanks, but not appeared to me, in a vigorous manner. All the essential parts of the position were still in our possession, and the confusion first caused had been remedied. But the great proportion of the regiments were so intermixed that the officers for the most part had lost all power of re-forming their men; and I therefore considered it best to withdraw from the points we there held (first having destroyed the guns, and in a great degree dismantled the defences of Oriamendi) to our previous position, including the Ametzai. Our loss in killed & wounded will probably amount to 100 or 900 men, besides a company of the Oviedo regiment, which, having been posted in a picket-house at some distance, was surrounded and made prisoners.

I have now only time to express to your excellency my expectation that the check we have experienced will be remedied so soon as the corps of Navarre shall be enabled to form a junction with this corps, which I trust General Saarsfield will be in a condition to effect, when we shall again assume the offensive.

I have the honor to be, &c.
(Signed) DE LACY EVANS, Lieut. Gen.

From the Montreal Vindicator, 21st April.

'HURRAH FOR AGITATION!'
—The O'Connell cry.

It gives us great pleasure to announce, that the feeling created throughout this wealthy and populous District, by Lord John Russell's infamous resolutions, is one of unminged indignation. They are met every where with 'curses not loud but deep,' and a fixed, stubborn determination, to resist any and every attempt to enslave the country.

The Reformers are already on the alert. Some preliminary meetings have, we understand, been held, preparatory to calling a meeting of the rich and independent county of Richelieu. To the freeholders of the county in which the Hon. Mr. De Bartzch resides, will belong the honor of

being the first to denounce the Honorable renegade and the machiavelian policy of the treacherous government.

A movement in such a quarter is ominous for the treacherous administration of Lord Gosford. It will, we have no doubt, be followed throughout the Province by similar meetings, and before the summer will have gone over their heads, the people of Lower Canada will tell both their representatives and their rulers, that they are not the stuff from which slaves are made.

It could not be otherwise. Those who have combatted and successfully combatted, the attempts of Dallouise to pay away their money without the authority of law; those who have, year after year, protested against the unconstitutional interference of the British Parliament in our internal affairs, will not now allow it to go abroad to the world, that their principles and protests are nothing better than waste paper. They will not permit it to be said that, at the beck of even a House of Commons, they now sanction what they have up to this day so doggedly, so repeatedly, so consistently, and so honorably resisted.

A combined and dishonorable junction of Whigs and Tories, in a House of Commons 'reformed' but in name, may pass Resolutions to annihilate the last remnant of liberty left to Colonial Legislatures. A House of Lords, the fundamental principle of whose Constitution is inimical to human freedom may endorse the determination of the combined enemies of freedom in the Lower House, but neither the Resolutions, their authors, nor their supporters, can change the nature of things. Robbery will be robbery still.

Russell may, therefore, order his Deputy, Gosford, to plunder our public chest. A second Falstaff, he may say to his worthy chum... 'Rob me the Exchequer, Hall'—and his Deputy and chum may rob it accordingly; but even this will not legalize the plunder. Our rights must not be violated with impunity. A howl of indignation must be raised from one extremity of the Province to the other, against the robbers, and against all those who TAKE PART OF THE PLUNDER.

HENCEFORTH, THERE MUST BE NO PEACE IN THE PROVINCE—no quarters for the plunderers. Agitate! Agitate!! AGITATE!!! Destroy the Revenue; denounce the oppressors. Every thing is lawful when our fundamental liberties are in danger. 'The guards die—they never surrender.'

From the New York Courier and Enquirer, 18th April.

Canadas.—There really seems to be a Canadian party mad enough, if they could, to come under dominion of Martin Van Buren and Dick Johnson, with the added prospects of Benton's or River's succession. We don't want the Canadas; and if they will try the Regency government a little while we promise them they won't want us. They had better be wise in time; and, before they get in, consider how they may afterwards get out.

The Canadians, as well as a party in England, seem too intent on adding to their institutions the theoretical perfection of vote by Ballot.

The truth is, that the whole idea of the ballot is wrong.—Those who are not in a condition to exercise a political franchise with a little independence, would do better for the community and better for themselves, by foregoing it altogether. The Ballot, by its whole process,—the spirit that makes it necessary, the spirit it propagates,—its whole influence and character are totally at war with the directness, the frankness of freemen. It sets out, indeed, with supposing men are not free, and that, by the help of secrecy, they can be made so.

Nova Scotia.—The Assembly of this Province, not to be out-stripped by their kin in the Canadas, have kicked up a row with the Council—a concurrent branch of the Legislative power. They have lately, it seems, adopted some very offensive proceedings, that convey personal imputations against the Council. This attack, that body has met by a very spirited, but proper proceeding.

This message was unanimously adopted; and sent to the House of Assembly, whom it must, we should think, place rather in what is called a *hink*.—[The Assembly rescinded its Resolutions.]

MR. GILMAN, Sir:—If the following Letter, received from a friend residing in New York, be deemed by you worthy a place in the 'Standard' it will give me pleasure to see it made public,
I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

New York, 24th April, 1837.

DEAR SIR:—Eighteen months have not quite elapsed since I commenced my residence in this city; and it is very evident that in no period of equal duration, for more than half a century, perhaps for a whole century, have so much disaster, elation and dismay, been witnessed.

First, the great fire. This was apparently, soon surmounted, and followed by increased speculation, boasting and pride, growing out of its burning embers. Instead of acknowledging it as a judgment, under which the population should have humbled themselves before the Supreme Governor of the world, it was made the

foundation of oppression. For the common language of the ground proprietors was, 'The lots are now worth more than they were before the fire.' In many instances, while they were incumbered with the rubbish, they sold for more than they would have done, when the old buildings stood.

The language of business men has usually been, 'The credit of our city is not impaired. One year's profits will make us as good as ever.' Companies of speculators were formed, and spread far and near through the country, who bought up all kinds of provisions, which, when brought to the city, were immediately secured by monopolising capitalists. These raised the price of all sorts of provisions to a shameful height; inasmuch that people were almost starving in the midst of plenty. But what a sudden change! The first prelude of a reverse was the fall of Messrs. Joseph's Banking House. This building is said to have cost 60,000 dollars. No expense was spared from its foundation to the last finishing of the edifice, to render it substantial and fire proof. While multitudes were gazing on the ruins with astonishment, as being entirely unexpected, their owners, with their 8 or 10,000,000 fell as flat.

The former did but little damage, but the latter crushed several large mercantile houses. Since that time, failures, almost daily, occur and some of them are very heavy. It is said that, in one day last week, ten houses in Pine street alone were shut up.

All these events you know, I suppose, nearly as well as we do here, but you cannot see the gloomy appearance of things. It is said by many that the aspect of affairs is similar to that of the times of the cholera. All classes are affected by the change. Though provisions have fallen, some kinds 25, and some even 50 per cent, yet poor laboring people cannot purchase for want of employment. Thousands of both sexes are dismissed by their employers. No business is pursued with energy. Thousands, for want of employment, are said to be emigrating to the west; and indeed many thousands can be spared without disadvantage to the city. The Whigs of this city have triumphed at the last election, and the consequence is, all office holders, under the old administration, even the street inspectors, will have to scatter. There appears to be a change in every thing: for it seems the North has left its former residence, and emigrated many degrees to the South. Yesterday we had a snowy afternoon, and though it was accompanied with rain, through the night, the roofs of the houses this morning at 7 o'clock, were covered with snow.

I am, sir, &c.

MR. GILMAN, Sir:—

The publisher of the 2d Edition of Bishop Hopkins' work, entitled, 'The Primitive Church' &c., containing a Lecture on the subject of Temperance Societies, having been so kind as to send me a copy of the same; and having now carefully collated the two Editions together, I am desirous of making a few observations.

The author has made some alterations in the new edition, amounting in all to a little more than twenty; but they are, in general, merely verbal, without seeming much to affect the sense. One of them, however, has struck my mind as a remarkably happy removal of a real ambiguity, which escaped his pen in the first edition.

Neither have I doubted the propriety of petitioning the Legislative Bodies of the land to pass such restrictions on the manufacture & sale of ardent spirits, as should take so hostile a temptation out of the way of thoughtless and intemperate men. Thus far I would have gone hand in hand with the most ardent friend of temperance; because my theory & practice upon the subject of alcoholic liquors were fixed on these principles more than twenty years ago.

After the celebrated Mr. Pope had published his Essay on man, Dr. Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, wrote a commentary on the work. The Poet thanked his friend for having explained his meaning better, he thought, than he could have done himself. Let us not, on the ground that every author must be presumed to know his own meaning best, say or even think that the compliment paid by the Poet was strained. The truth is, Warburton helped him out of a bad scrape by charitable glosses and smooth explanations. In the case of our author here, in his Lecture

against Temperance Societies, I do not presume that even the learned Bishop of Gloucester, if he were living, could have done him that service; and I am glad that the living author is superior to Alexander Pope—he can explain his own meaning best.

'Fixed on these principles.' Who could tell what 'these principles' were? No man could, with any certainty, say what the antecedent was for which 'these principles' stood. The phrase did not point to any particular thing or things, as the word 'these' would lead us to expect. The author therefore did well to explain, because no other could ever expect, if he tried his utmost, to reach beyond the limits of an uncertain guess.

The word 'alcoholic' a very comprehensive epithet, is changed for 'distilled,' a term of more restricted application. No doubt there was some reason for the change, though I may not be able to see it. While the phrase, ('these principles,') in the connexion in which it stood, remained unintelligible, the other, ('alcoholic liquors,') which comprehends all that can intoxicate, would sound most admirably. But when 'these principles' came to mean 'the principle of abstinence,' 'alcoholic' must be changed for 'distilled.' Why was the one changed for the other?

The Lecture dates the commencement of the Temperance Societies at a period ten years back. Ten years, therefore, prior to that era, his 'theory and practice,' he says, 'were fixed upon the principle of abstinence' with regard to 'distilled liquors.'

The inference then is, that he kept his light under a bushel. When multitudes adopted his 'theory and practice,' and caused their 'light to shine before men,' why did he oppose them on the untenable ground, that the principle of the Temperance Society is hostile to the principles of the Gospel? If so, it seems he had the start of the Temperance people, in his own private 'theory and practice' for ten years, but as he kept the pure light burning in his own bosom, he must be acquitted of having led the world into the sin of contributing to the 'triumph of infidelity.'

At the end of the volume there is a SMALL dissertation, occupying six pages, containing further reflections on Temperance Societies. In his preface to the 2d Edition, the author states that he had been prepared for censures from many quarters, and, therefore, when they came, he did not find it a hard matter to meet them. He censured many very freely himself, in his Lecture, but when his censures were returned, he meekly takes consolation in the thought that when Jesus Christ 'was reviled, he reviled not again.' A very fine contrast! 'He begs leave, therefore, to assure his censors that his forbearing to notice their labors, proceeds neither from contempt nor unkindness, upon the one hand, or from any fears as to the issue of the controversy, upon the other.' What a generous example of forbearance! 'He has long ago determined, that he would not reply to any review or criticism, however plausible, unjust or provoking.' Here I must refuse him the honor of originality. My famous countryman, David, the historian, acted on the same determination long ago. But there is yet a more eminent example, viz. 'What I have written, I have written.'

The purport of the SMALL dissertation is this. The author had admitted, in his Lecture, that the Temperance Societies had done good. He is now, on further consideration, anxious to recal his admission. I, for one, make no resistance. We can dispense with his testimony. He does, accordingly recal his admission on the ground that many of the principal leaders in the 'cause' have contradicted one another both in matters of fact, and points of doctrine, and fallen into the slough of heresy on the wine question. Granted that they have. What then? The author himself has written largely on many of the doctrines of Divine Revelation.—The Primitive Creed examined & explained.—The Primitive Church compared with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and also on the histories of the Church, ancient and modern.—Calmet's or Buck's Theological Dictionaries.—A vast many of the Commentaries on the Bible—the recently published Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, and you will soon be convinced that Christian Divines and Christian writers, have contradicted one another with regard to both facts and doctrines, and also propagated errors and heresies. Do these undeniable facts constitute a good, valid reason that our author should recal his 'Evidence'?

in favor of Divine Revelation? What is good logic in the one case cannot be very bad in the other.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
JAMES REID.
Frelighsburg, 3d May, 1837.

For the Missiskoui Standard.
THE FIRESIDE.—No. 21.

The Jews were, at a certain period of their history, very strict in their manner of observing the sabbath; but such was the propensity of that people, that they were continually prone to carry matters to the extreme. In our Saviour's day, they could not help even the sick, as it appears from their charge against him for performing a miraculous cure; but at the same time they could indulge the passions of malice and hatred. In the time of the Maccabees, in their wars against the successors of Alexander, they thought it unlawful to defend themselves on the sabbath from invasion: The enemy being left at liberty to profit by their superstition had the advantage over them until sad experience soon taught them that self-defence was a work of necessity which the God of Israel did not condemn.

Works of charity, or doing good to the souls and bodies of our fellow creatures, which cannot be deferred till next day without damage, are lawful. Our saviour has set us an example as well in this as in other matters; and vindicated his conduct against the animadversions of his enemies, by observations which plainly shew that charitable offices are not only allowable but praise-worthy, and in perfect consistency with the sanctity of the rest enjoined. But to pursue any part of our worldly business, in an ordinary course, counteracts the great end and design of the institution of the day; because to apply ourselves to our ordinary occupation, in whole or in part, on that day, or even to make it a topic of conversation, or to lay out our thoughts on it, is doing what we can to frustrate the gracious designs of the Law-giver, and must recoil on ourselves as a great injury. It is our worldly employments, which are lawful and necessary on the other days of the week, are to be repudiated on the sabbath, we may easily perceive that, for the same reason, vain amusements, and journeys, must necessarily be included in the prohibition. There are, however, many who refrain from their ordinary work, who will not open their shops, nor yoke their teams to the plough, but they do not keep the sabbath day holy. They use it as a day of sloth—or as a day of festivity and gossiping—or they go on a journey, sometimes to make or look out for bargains, or to collect debts. I beg of all my readers to peruse the following passage of Scripture. "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight; the holy of the Lord honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 58: 13, 14.

You see, in this passage, what the Almighty, whose creatures we are, and to whom we are accountable, requires at our hands; and likewise the blessings which he has promised to those who obey. Those who violate their duty are not aware that they do so to their own loss and injury. The truth of God's promises has frequently been realized in the comfortable experience of pious people in all ages. A very learned Judge, as ever adorned the English Bench, left this testimony, in favour of keeping the sabbath day holy, as the result of his own experience. "I have found," says Lord Chief Justice Hale, (by a strict and deliberate observation, that a due observing of the duty of this day, has ever had to it a blessing on the rest of my time; and the week that has been so begun has been blessed and prosperous to me. And on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my success in my secular employments the week following by the manner of my passing this day. And this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience."

The violation of the sabbath is often attended with sad consequences. My limits do not allow that I should enter largely upon the subject. But we have reason to believe that many of the calamities which we suffer both as individuals, and as a community, are drawn down upon us as judgments from the Throne of God, for our contempt of his word and ordinances, more especially for our open, continued profanation of the sabbath day. It is not at all surprising that God should visit individuals, families and nations with judgments, for our violations of his Laws, and profaning of his holy day, when we consider that sin, in every instance is an act of rebellion against the authority of our supreme Judge; and, as it regards the sabbath, a bold sacrilegious invasion of his right to the whole of that day which he has reserved and set apart as a day of worship. To the institution of the sabbath, it is owing that any sense of God, and of divine obligation to serve him at all, is preserved in the world. For, in proportion as the Lord's day is neglected, religion will fall off and decay—impiety and laxity of morals will increase, more especially wherever there is a carnal to draw together a crowd of eagles and vultures, as if to remind the world that there is a hell. Without a sabbath, the fear of God would vanish from the earth. Hence, those who neglect the sabbath are doing all they can by their example, if not by their persuasions, to introduce atheism. They are bringing up

their families in the darkness of heathenism; and from these small seminaries, they are sending forth into the world, those who shall be fathers and mothers, in our place, to increase and multiply immorality as well as their species. Many unfortunates have pronounced on the scaffold, with the hemp drawn round the neck, that the first step of their career which brought them there was that of profaning the sabbath day, and joining bad company. If men are idle the devil employs them.

J. R.
MISSISKOU STANDARD.
FRELIGHSBURG, MAY 9, 1837.

"The Representatives of the Counties of Stanstead and Missiskoui have not been sent to Parliament to defend the feudal system, to protect the French language, or to oppose a system of registration. They have been sent to lend their aid to the assertors of popular rights, and to oppose a Government by which, in their own opinion, settlers from the United States had been neglected, or regarded with disfavor."—G***** G**** G*****.

We beg leave to put the Honorable Triumvirate right with regard to this statement, as far as the County of Missiskoui is implicated, or in any wise concerned. And we will do so candidly and faithfully, by a plain statement of Facts. William Baker, Esq., one of the representatives for this County, offered himself to the suffrages of the electors, after having made at the commencement, as soon as the WRIT was read, a public declaration that, if elected, he would oppose every attempt that should be made in the House of Assembly, to render the Legislative Council elective by the people...that he would support the rights of the British American Land Company, as a public benefit, in his opinion, to the Province at large...that he would lend his aid to the establishing of a Court of Impeachment, in this Province where public functionaries, accused of delinquencies or misdemeanors in their offices, could be impeached, tried, condemned or acquitted—and, generally, that he would do all in his power, to promote the interests of his constituents. He did not say one word about opposing the Government, on the ground that 'settlers from the United States have been neglected, or regarded with disfavor.' The complaints existing in this County have always been, that settlers of all descriptions had 'been neglected' and 'regarded with disfavor' by the Assembly, rather than by the Government. This was notoriously the case until the subdivision of the Province into new Counties gave us representatives. At this era we became known to the Assembly, and the friendship lavished upon us by that Hon. Body, since that period, is with a view to convert a peaceable people into rebels. Mr. Baker has, in the House of Assembly, adhered to the principles avowed by him at the opening of the Poll.

The other member, elected at the same time, read a printed paper, in which though expressing nothing particular, yet as much as had been expected, there was not one particle in either sense or sound that justifies the allegation of the Royal Commissioners. Though the Poll remained open during all the time that could be allowed by Law, it never came to our ears that either a candidate or an elector had breathed or uttered a word about the purposes, laid before the Imperial Parliament, in the Report, as charged to the county of Missiskoui, in its choice of representatives. Even at the end of several months, after the election was over, the member in question was in the constant habit of denying that he had the intention of joining the party of Mr. Papineau. It was denied both by himself, and by his friends, after he had attended the Papineau Dinner at Stanstead, a short time before Parliament Assembled. We grant that the member lent his aid to the majority in the House; but we deny that he was sent by the county to do so, or that he had himself ever publicly made it known that such was his design, but the reverse. The county of Missiskoui then, must, when the truth is known, stand fair and clear of the charge of the Royal Commissioners. Besides, it must be allowed, on the face of the Poll-Book, that there was a very respectable minority. The yeomenry of the county formed a considerable part of the minority, and it cannot be said that the minority sent him to Parliament.

The Vindicator.—In this day's paper we have given a small specimen of the temper which seems to be the order of the day among the leaders of the French majority. It furnishes a beautiful echo to the tirade of Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons. It may chime with the language of a certain patriot who some two or three years

ago published an address to the electors of the West Ward of Montreal, but we do not take it as expressing the sentiments of the honest, but unlettered, habitants. The gentlemen may rave, and lacerate their flesh to move pity, but we do not think that the habitants, in any great body, will be either goaded orajoled, into acts of treason or rebellion; nor that they shall have much cause to be proud of either the number or the appearance of such as may be prevailed upon in the Townships to pull a trigger at the command of Monsieur. We give the Vindicator thanks for his openness. An open enemy is much more honorable than a secret foe. What must we now think of our Radical Reformers? Are you, in the Townships, who for some time have spoken and acted, as they would have you, prepared for what is now recommended? There is a call made under circumstances the most horrible. The gentleman will give no quarter. Who told him that he may not himself be the first to ask for such a favour?

Dear, dear Doctor, compose yourself!

Fatal Accident.—We have the melancholy task of recording the death of Mr. Ezra Sargeant, of Potten, whose life was terminated on the 27th ultimo, by being caught by a mill saw. He was sitting upon the log while the saw was running; his clothes were caught and he was carried against the saw and mangled in a most shocking manner, which caused his death instantly.

We some days since, received a communication respecting a late disastrous fire in the county of L'Acadie, which would have appeared in this number of the Standard, had it not through some unaccountable means, been mislaid. Should it again come into our possession we shall lay it before our readers.

As we are desirous of closing the accounts of the first and second volumes of the Standard, and for the accommodation of our subscribers, Daniel D. Sells, Esq., one of our regular appointed Agents, will be at Mr. John Oliver's inn, at LaCoe, on the 29th instant; at Mr. David Hatch's inn, at Odletown, on the 30th instant; and at Major Isaac Wilsey's, at Henrysburg, on the 31st instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of settling accounts, receiving monies, and granting receipts for the same, to such persons as are indebted to us for the two first volumes of the Standard. We sincerely hope our friends at LaCoe, Odletown, and Henrysburg, will take advantage of the present opportunity of rendering this arrangement effectual, by meeting our agent, and closing all arrearages.

A correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer of New York, says, that there is a protested paper in the city of New Orleans to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars and upwards.

Bowie Knife and Pistol.—An encounter took place in Tuscaloosa, on the 3d ult. between Dr. Leland of that place and Gen. Mabry of Tennessee. After a few angry words between the parties, Gen. Mabry fired a pistol at Dr. Leland, the ball of which passed through his left hand and lodged in his arm near the shoulder. Dr. Leland then rushed upon Gen. Mabry and inflicted several very dangerous wounds upon him with a bowie knife. Gen. M. was alive two days afterwards, but his recovery was considered extremely doubtful.

New Orleans, April 10.
A most barbarous and cruel assault was yesterday committed upon a mulatto fellow belonging to Mr. Riveau. After having been put to a torture which would disgrace the most savage cannibals, he was dragged with a cord round his neck several squares. Still the ferocious fury of his assailants was unappeased, and they were preparing to put an end to his life, when a citizen with great risk threw himself between the victim and his unfeeling persecutors, and with the assistance of a police officer, succeeded in rescuing him. Captain Maurice being apprized of this disgraceful and outrageous occurrence, placed himself at the head of a detachment of the artillery corps, who happened to be on parade, and after some assistance, succeeded in capturing the inhuman wretches....The cause of this outrage was, that the victim was indebted to one of them for a barrel of potatoes.

Flour.—The price of this necessary article has, at last, fallen nearly to its proper level, and a still further deduction will probably take place in a few days. Large quantities which have been lying on the banks of the canal, may be expected in very soon. Besides which a great many barrels which it is supposed have been sent out of the city to the east, in order to diminish the stock on hand here and thus keep up the prices, will be returned to

this port. We cannot but congratulate housekeepers upon the agreeable prospect.—N. York Sunday Morning News, 2d ult.

LIST OF LETTERS
Remaining in the Post Office at
FRELIGHSBURG,
on the 5th instant.
Mr. Pollock, David Hazard,
Mrs. M. A. Whitaker, Marshall Hunt,
Silvester O'Neil, Josiah Rogers,
David Millan, David Titmore,
Fraser Jennie,
Jonathan E. Deming.

Notice.
ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber by Note or Book account, are notified that the same must be paid by the 1st day of June next. And whatever articles he may sell in his former line of business, will be sold for a small profit from cost, for ready pay only.
GEO. BARNES.
St. Armand, 6th May, 1837.

CASTLE OF ST. LEWIS,
Quebec, 13th April, 1837.

IN conformity with an instruction from His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, addressed to his Excellency the Governor-in-Chief, and bearing date February, 1837... Public Notice is hereby given, that from and after the 1st June next, purchasers of land will be required to pay down, at the time of sale 10 per cent, on the whole value of the purchase, and the remainder within fourteen days, from the day of sale—that until the whole price is paid the purchasers will not be put in possession of the land—and that in the event of payment not being made within the prescribed period the sale will be considered void, and the deposit be forfeited. And all purchasers of land are hereby notified that it is the intention of his Majesty's Government strictly to enforce the conditions annexed to the sale of lands under the existing regulation.
By command, S. WALCOTT,
Civil Secretary.

OFFICE OF CROWN LANDS,
Quebec 13th April, 1837.
PUBLIC Notice is hereby given, that the last sale of Crown and Clergy Lands, under the present system, will be held on the 1st and 2nd of May, at the places hereinafter mentioned, viz:—
Dunham Plains, on the 26th May; Frost Village, 27th May; Stanstead Plain, 29th May; Sherbrooke, 30th May; Kamouraska, 30th May; Drummondville, 31st May; Three Rivers, Hall, Bristol, Litchfield, Buckingham, Lochaber, Argenteuil, Grenville, Leeds, L'Islet, and at the office of Crown Lands, Quebec, on the 1st day of June next, when the lands already published for sale according to the list of the 26th and 27th of July, 1836, and which remain undisposed of together with such other lands as have since been applied for, and which this department had been authorized to sell, will be offered at the stated upset prices, with a view to permit those settlers who have already proceeded to this province, and others who have made arrangements to acquire lands for settlement, under the existing regulations, to obtain the lands on the terms which they had been led to expect.
JOHN DAVIDSON.
The several Newspapers published in this Province are requested to give both the above three insertions.

ENGLISH
Garden-Seeds.
A choice supply just received and for sale by
W. W. SMITH.
April 21st, 1837. V2-21f

LOST!
A note of hand drawn in favor of the subscriber and signed by James Harrington, for the sum of fifteen Dollars, bearing date sometime in the month of September last, and payable the 1st day of December next.
N. B. All persons are forbid buying or discounting the said note.
WILLIAM D. SMITH.
Shefford, 4th April, 1837. V3 2-12w

For Sale,
A Frost Village, County of Shefford, an excellent Two Story
House,
with a STORE and out Buildings adjoining, all in good order, with a Garden and sufficient Pasture for two Cows. There is also a Pearl Ashery attached, with a constant supply of water from a never failing brook passing through the grounds. The premises are known as formerly occupied by the late Samuel Willard, and are well worthy the attention of any person desirous of entering into business, or a country residence.
Possession given immediately, and terms of payment easy. Apply to
F. C. GILMOR & CO.
Granby village, 3d April, 1837.—11f.

Notice.
PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Curator to Geo. Wallace and Gertrude Freligh, his wife, Carlton Freligh and Rudney Freligh, all heretofore residing in the Seigneurie of St. Armand, but now absent from the Province. All persons having claims against any of the above named parties are requested to present them without delay, and all those indebted to pay the amount of their respective debts to the subscriber.
GALLOWAY FRELIGH,
Curator.
Bedford, 6th March, 1837. V2-48

Education.
THE Rev. M. TOWNSEND, at the desire of several respectable gentlemen, and with the sanction of The Lord Bishop of Montreal in undertaking the charge of pupils, will open his
FAMILY CLASSICAL INSTITUTION,
on the 1st day of May next, for the instruction of Boys (over seven years old) and young gentlemen in the various branches of English, French and Classical Education.
For terms, and other details, reference may be had to his prospectus in Hand Bills, or, by letter, to him at his residence.
Clarenceville, L. C., 20th March, 1837.

St. Johns & Troy



STAGE.

A New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy Vt. along the valleys of the Pike and Missiskoui Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverill, Concord, and Lowell; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stanstead Lines; the former passing through Hardwick.
This Line will leave St. Johns on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast, passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge, Frelighsburg, Litchfield, Sutton and Pelton, and arrive at Troy the same evening; and will leave Troy Monday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock and arrive at St. Johns, in summer, in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to Montreal, and in winter, passengers will take the St. Johns and Montreal Stage.
The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, & careful drivers, recommend this route to the public as being the shortest, easiest, & most expeditious one, from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be taken for the Rail Road, contemplated to connect the two Cities.
FARE—3 Dollars, each way.
J. CLARK, J. B. LECHE,
C. ELKINS, A. SEARS,
H. BRIGHT, H. M. CHANDLER, } Proprietors.
February, 1837.

2,000 Menots
Lisbon Salt!
In fine condition, just Landed from on board the Schooner Malvina—likewise a quantity of blown SALT.
A heavy Stock of general

Merchandise,
and for sale Wholesale & Retail by
W. W. SMITH.
Missiskoui Bay, 23d Nov., 1836. V2-35

NEW YORK & MONTREAL
FURS!
Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre, Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas, Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars and Gloves, Buffalo Robes,
W. W. SMITH.
Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2-35

Just Received,
30 chests Y. H. Tea,
25 do. H. S. do
15 do. Souchang do
10 do. Hyson do.
25 Bags Rio Coffee,
25 Kegs Tobacco,
15 Boxes Saunders Caven-dish do.
6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,
40 Matts Capia,
2 Tons Trinidad Sugar,
2,000 Wt. Double Refined
Loaf Sugar,
and a variety of articles not enumerated, for sale by
W. W. SMITH.
Dec. 6, 1836. V2-35f

Notice.
THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of
Gilmor, Gordon & Co.,
at Granby village, and
Gordon, Gilmor & Co.,
at Abbottsford, was dissolved on 6th February last, by mutual consent. All accounts, relative to said firms, will be settled by
F. C. GILMOR & Co.,
who will continue the Business, at Granby village.
FRANCIS C. GILMOR,
G. MATTILAND GORDON,
WILLIAM NEILSON.
Granby Village, 13th March, 1837.—50-2w

SALT!
500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT
general assortment of
Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware,
Crockery, Iron, Nails,
Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,
Just received and for sale by
RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

NEW STORE
AND
New Firm!
THE subscribers have taken the store at Cooksville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Geo. Cook, Esq., where they have just received a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,
Groceries, Crockery
and Hardware,
Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.
and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.
Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices.
A. & H. ROBERTS.
Cooksville, Dec. 6, 1836.

Melancholy.
By G. Mair, Esq.
The sun of the morning,
Unclouded and bright,
The landscape adorning
With luster and light,
To glory and gladness
New bliss may impart;
But oh! give to sadness
And softness of heart
A moment to ponder, a season to grieve,
The light of the moon, or the shadows of eve!
Then soothing reflections
Arise on the mind;
And sweet recollections
Of friends who were kind:
Of love that was tender,
And yet could decay;
Of visions whose splendor
Time withered away,
In all that for brightness or beauty may seem
The painting of fancy—the work of a dream!
The soft cloud of whiteness,
The stars beaming through,
The pure moon of brightness,
The deep sky of blue—
The rush of the river,
Through vales that are still,
The breezes that ever
Sigh lone o'er the hill;
Are sounds that can soften, & sighs that impart
A bliss to the eye, and a balm to the heart.

From the American Monthly Magazine.
ADVENTURES OF A MIDSUMMER TOURIST.
(Concluded.)

'I will take one more peep,' I said after I had entered the cabin. I ascended the stairs, and saw that the little rascal had his face half way inside of her bonnet. My first impulse was to go and quarrel with him, but, after all, thought I to myself, what's Emily to me or I to Emily?—and thus thinking, I dashed after the lieutenant into the cabin.
On my way home from the frigate I was very dignified and taciturn in my manner toward Emily. At the dinner-table, however my reserve gave way, and I entered into the conversation with all my accustomed spirits.
Another delightful evening was passed alone with Emily Tarleton. We sung the duet of 'No'...we talked, we promenaded the room, and we read Shakespeare. When I rose to bid her good night, she remarked, 'Is it possible, Mr. Berkely, that we have known each other but two days? It seems to me that we are as well acquainted as if it had been years.'
'Ah, then, Miss Tarleton, do not think me hasty or insincere, if here, on my—' 'Kneee,' I would have said, Bombastes like; but ere the words were uttered, the door opened, and the father of the young lady entered the room.
'Well, Emily, you must prepare to be off to-morrow.'
'What route do you take, Sir?' I enquired.
'Up the St. Lawrence; across Lake Ontario to Niagara; thence to Buffalo, and through the 'Empire State' to Albany.'
'How fortunate! precisely the route I had marked out for myself. Will you consider me one of your party?'
'Of course, Horace, and I hope you will like us well enough to keep with us South to the end of our journey. We will promise to make a month or two on our plantation quite tolerable. Won't we, Emily?'
'I am sure we will do our best.'
'Miss Tarleton's presence would be sufficient of itself to render any place a paradise; and so, kind friends, good night.'

CHAP. VI.

It would take a volume to narrate all the little incidents which occurred on our way to Albany; I have not the heart to recall them, had I the pen to describe them. In steamboats and stage-coaches, on railroads and canals, I was Emily's ever watchful attendant and devoted knight; now pinning her shawl about her neck, whither than alabaster; now promenading with her the deck of some lofty steamboat; now talking romance, and now asking what she would be helped to at the dinner table; now watching the stars; now, criticising some old specimen of humanity; and now gazing with emotions too deep for tears upon some gorgeous landscape or some glorious sunset.

Do you not remember, friend of those happy days, the morning when we stood on the deck of that asthmatic little steamboat, the Henry Brougham, and saw the dark rolling Ottawa rush to meet the St. Lawrence? Have you forgotten the rapids, the Canadian raftsmen, the beautiful islands set like emeralds in the silver stream? Do you not recollect our visit to Kingston, and our entrance on the broad Ontario? Can you not recall the scene, which we gazed upon wrapped in wonder, when we stood on the heights of Queenston by the monument of Brock; the Niagara rolling beneath us; the mighty Ontario gleaming in the distance; the immense and variegated area spread like a map all around; hill, forest and cultivated field, beautiful, most beautiful to see? Then with what a pilgrim awe, although we had become connoisseurs in waterfalls, did we approach the stupendous cataract, which we heard 'blowing its trumpet from the steep,' long before we could see the fine-woven cloud of mist which eternally rises 'like incense' from its mighty cauldron. How we grasped my arm as we stood on Table Rock, and gazed down upon the abysses of convulsed waters! At that very moment, I really believe I was thinking more of you than of Niagara. Have you forgotten our journey to Buffalo? Our upset on the road to Batavia? Our sale upon Seneca Lake? Our ride through the valley of the Mohawk? Our three

days at the Springs? Our railroad journey to Albany? To me these are hallowed reminiscences.

Yes, it was at Albany. I may as well hurry through my story like a man. I had flattered myself that the flirtation was going on prosperously. Old Tarleton evidently favored it, and was, I believe, sincerely gratified at the prospect which it held out. I had yet, however, made no avowal of my passion, though a thousand times it was at my tongue's end.

I was standing on the steps of the hotel the day after we arrived, when I saw a fellow collegian, Charles Marbury was his name—Marplot he should have been called—drive up in his tandem gig, and throwing the reins into the hands of his black attendant, leap upon the side walk. Marbury was a Southerner of large fortune, the income of which, however, was hardly large enough to support his unconscionable extravagances. He was a fellow of good personal appearance, a great practical joker, lively, entertaining, and superficial. After we had greeted each other, he took me to his parlour in the hotel, and there, over a bottle of Rudesheimer, we talked of old times and of times to come.

'By the way, Berkely,' said my friend, 'I have a secret to tell you. I am going to run away with a pretty girl to-morrow, and to commit matrimony incontinently. The old pig, her father, who is a millionaire, refuses to give his consent, and says, she is pledged to another; but, pledged or not, she has promised to accompany me to Providence, and there the knot indissoluble will be tied.'

'You surprise me, Marbury. Is your Mrs. M. that is to be, a beauty?'
'She is, without humbug, superlatively beautiful. But if you have any curiosity to see her, come down to the ferry to-morrow morning at six. We shall be crossing at that hour.'

'I will be there. Believe me, my dear Marbury, I sympathize with you, for I myself have a little *affaire du coeur* on hand, which I hope, however, will not require an elopement.'

'My dear boy,' said Marbury, pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his eyes with a very tragical air... 'my dear boy, thank you...thank you. To-morrow then, at six.'

We separated for the night, and I passed the evening with the Tarletons. After Emily had retired, her father spoke of her to me in a manner which left me no longer in doubt as to his views, at least, in relation to our intimacy. He candidly told me that it did not require much penetration to see, that we were not indifferent to one another; and he said that he had remarked it from the beginning with pleasure. All this was imparted to me with so much tact, delicacy, and knowledge of human nature, that while it delighted me, it hardly awakened an emotion of surprise. I could only press Mr. Tarleton's hand, and bid him good night, with the serious determination of throwing myself at Emily's feet the next time I saw her.

I did not forget my engagement with Marbury. At six o'clock in the morning I was at the ferry, curious to see if my friend's *Namorata* was in any degree comparable to mine. I had not waited many minutes before I saw the gig approaching. The lady who accompanied him was closely veiled. Marbury held out his hand to greet me; his fair companion at the same time raised her veil, and revealed to my recollecting sight the features Emily Tarleton!

I started back as if I had been staggered by a heavy blow. I pressed my hand over my eyes, and looking again to make assurance doubly sure, I rushed away, I knew not whither. Marbury called after me in vain. Even Emily's 'Why, Horace, what ails you?' could not detain me. I was at the end of the wharf in a minute, and with one desperate leap I threw myself into the river; I wasn't quite so great a fool as to do that—but into a steamboat which was leaving for New York.

CHAP. VII.

Three days after this adventure I was again in my office in Court Street, burrowing with more assiduity than ever among law books. My washerwoman had confided a case of breach of promise to my hands, for which I was arming myself cap-a-pee in the invulnerable brass—the precedents and technicalities of my profession. I studied night and day, and strove to overcome every recollection of the perfidious Emily Tarleton. Sometimes, however, when my candle was about sinking in the socket, and the closely printed pages swam confusedly in my sight, and a film crept over my eyes, I would find my transient thoughts straying back to the scenes which I had witnessed with that lovely but heartless creature. And then I would lay my arm upon my desk, and my forehead upon my arm, while—shall I confess my weakness?—tears would unconsciously come to my relief. No sooner, however, would I discover these treacherous symbols of sorrow, than I would rise from my seat, and muttering against myself such exclamations as 'dolt! fool! booby!' I would light a fresh candle, and, by way of punishment, force myself to resume my studies, and prolong my vigils at least a couple of hours.

I was passing through one of the corridors of the Tremont House, on the morning of the day that my important case of Susan Dimity versus Augustus Noodle was to be tried, when I heard issuing from one of the private parlours a voice which arrested my attention. It gave utterance to the words of a song, which awakened

associations at once pleasant and mournful to my soul. But it was the voice rather than the music which vibrated through every fibre of my frame. I could not but be mistaken. The door was ajar. I pushed it gently open. Yes, it was she, seated at the piano!

'Horace Berkely—is it you?'
'Emily!'

A pause ensued. My fair friend seemed paler than when I saw her last. 'Marbury doesn't treat her well—wretch that he is,' I said to myself.

'How could you leave us so abruptly, Mr. Berkely, in Albany?' asked Emily.
'Mr. Marbury is well, I trust? I suppose he will be with you soon?'

'No; Charles followed' (she called him Charles!) 'How connubial! said I to myself! Charles followed instantly in pursuit of you; he wrote us from New York that he had learned you had left for Detroit, and he added that he should start instantly for that place.'

'Indeed! I cannot imagine what he can want of me. Your father is fully reconciled to him, I hope.'

There was a dash of hypocrisy in my last speech.

'O yes, Charles had only been a little extravagant, and pa remonstrated very gently. Charles took it kindly, and promised to reform.'

'And do you love him Emily?'

'Love Charles Marbury? I have loved him dearly from a child. What an odd question.'

I bit my lips; and as Mr. Tarleton entered the room at the moment, I was saved from the utterance of a severe retort, which just quivered upon my lips.

Mr. Tarleton greeted me with undiminished cordiality. There was something in his frank and elegant manner, which attracted me irresistibly towards him. We had not exchanged many words however, before he inquired my motive for leaving them so suddenly.

I was provoked at the idea that he should put that question, believing that he well knew the state of my feelings towards Emily. I replied, that 'I could only leave it to the conjectures of himself and Mrs. Marbury to solve the mystery. The subject was a painful one to me, and I wished it might be dropped.'

'Mrs. Marbury?' exclaimed Emily, looking about her with an air of wonder.

'Who the devil is Mrs. Marbury?' asked Mr. Tarleton. 'Has that scapegrace of a Charles been getting married? Shouldn't wonder. Just like him.'

'If not married, Miss Emily may possibly inform you with respect to his intentions on that head.'

'I inform? I'm sure I know very little of Charles' movements or intentions.'
'Then you knew nothing of his intention of running off with Miss Emily Tarleton, and getting married at Providence?' asked I, looking Emily steadily in the face.

To my surprise she neither quailed nor blushed. Mr. Tarleton approached me, and seemed to regard me with a look of compassion,—then dropping his voice, he murmured, 'Poor, poor fellow! Touched in the brain! I see how it is.'

'Is there any thing incredible in what I have uttered?' I exclaimed.
'What! would you persuade me that Charles intended to run off with his own sister?'

The truth, the whole truth, flashed upon me in an instant. I remembered having heard at college, that Charles Marbury had inherited half a million dollars from a bachelor uncle, on the condition that he should assume his relative's name. I remembered Marbury's fondness for a practical hoax. I had evidently been his dupe, and almost faint with confusion, I sank into a chair, exclaiming—'I see—I see it all! I have wronged you Emily Tarleton; I have been suffering under a ridiculous hallucination, I thank heaven is now removed. I will explain all. Do not laugh at my credulity.'

I then related the circumstances of my conversation with Marbury...my promise to meet him—my visit to the ferry the next morning—the sight of Emily Tarleton—and my hasty departure from her presence.

'So Charles has been at the bottom of the mischief, after all,' said Mr. Tarleton.
'Well! I might have guessed as much. However, Horace, you may turn the laugh against him, for he has gone upon a wild goose chase to Detroit, in the expectation of finding you. We must think of some good trick to play upon him by the time he gets back. But come—the barouche is at the door—we are going to take a drive to Nahant, you must accompany us.'

I did not decline the invitation, I forgot all about the case of Dimity versus Noodle. My soul had rebounded, like a lark upspringing, from its depression, Emily's cheek had grown brighter within the short time we had been together. As we rode slowly along the beach, and the fresh air came to us, rolling over the big waves that tumbled upon the shore and spread themselves out over the fine sand, in thin glittering sheets of water that reached to our carriage wheels, we inhaled the exhilaration of the ocean air, the beauty of the majestic scene. But I must take another opportunity of fatiguing the gentle reader with a description of our adventures at Nahant.

Three weeks after this ride Emily handed me a letter, which she asked me to fold, and direct to her brother. It was signed Emily T. Berkely.

We met Marbury at Washington not many days since. He gave us a most en-

tertaining account of his adventures. Having arrived at Detroit, he had conceived the idea that I had gone to fling away my life in Texas. He started off immediately in pursuit; visited Nacogdoches; was apprehended by a party of Mexicans, and ordered to be shot; made his escape, and was afterwards seized by a division of Texian Troops as a deserter. He quarrelled with the impertinent officer who commanded the expedition, and who was half disposed to hang him without a court-martial; was released by General Houston; left for New Orleans; and, after many perils by flood and field, arrived safely at the seat of Government.

'And now, Charley,' said Emily, after he had finished his narrative, 'will you not admit that you have received but an adequate punishment for the hoax you played off upon Horace?'

'We shall pay you back in the same kind one of these days,' said Mr. Tarleton.

'Nay!' added I, 'Marbury's faith in practical jokes must be considerably diminished. We have had an ample revenge, and we can all now join heartily in the comedy of "All's well that ends well."'

Charles seemed lost in meditation for a moment, and then, with an illuminating smile, he exclaimed—'Egad! I was thinking if I had been shot by those blood-thirsty Mexicans, how—ha! ha! ha! how you might have turned the laugh upon me. Would it it have been a capital joke?'
H. B.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.
No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.
Above ten lines, 3d. per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.
A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.
Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

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Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the *Philadelphia Standard*, will please to leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.



Cash for Wool!

NOTICE
'Shereby' given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.
Sherbrooke, May 10, 1836. V-7

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity, that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand, Day Street.
Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.
Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.
N. B. WANTED, a BOY from 12 to 14 years of age, as an apprentice, for whose good behaviour security will be required.
DANIEL FORD,
Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2 11—1y

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby warned against purchasing the East Quarter of Lot No. 14, in the 6th Range of Stanbridge, from Messrs. Allen & Samuel Hungerford, as the Deed thereof to them was obtained by fraud and surprise.
The legal title of the said Land is in the hands of the undersigned.

AARON STALKER,
Stanbridge, 9th March, 1837. 614

RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF



Mail Stages

FROM
STANSTEAD-PLAIN
TO
ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK, Proprietors.

FARE 31-2 DOLLARS, 17s 6d.; LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening. Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please, breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus, the advantages of this new line are obvious.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryat, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks' valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The *Courier* is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short ever variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The *Pennsylvaniaian* says, 'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union; the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'It is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The *New York Star* says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 20th, 1836 says, 'The Saturday Courier is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable reading matter than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish, in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the *Courier* in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

THE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the *Philadelphia Mirror*, will commence with the publication of the Price 7s. 6d. to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the *Philadelphia Annual* the Token, & author of *Pennell Sketches* and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in addition and interest 500 dollars premium, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enhanced by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of *Hope Leslie*, 'The Linwoods, &c.' whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matters and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, &c., forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which, for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The *Philadelphia Saturday Courier* is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The *Philadelphia Mirror* being a quarto edition of the *Saturday Courier*, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the *New York Alliance* will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz. Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps.)
WOODWARD & CLARKE,
Philadelphia.